Northern Messenger

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"Storm - Stayed"

By G. E. McKean

For the Messenger

IT WAS snowing, although the road was not drifted very badly, when William Atmore left Maplegrove in the early morning for Coldspring where he was going to visit a friend. It was blowing and snowing, a regular blizzard, when at ten he turned from the main road into the woods road at The Corners. If he cut across he could save seventeen miles. He turned his car into the little used road and kept on, although he had trouble then due to a drift. But he kept on, thinking he'd make it all right. And maybe, when he got to the other pavement that led to Coldspring, the snow would be less deep.

The wood road wound here and there through the hills, mounting here, and dipping into little valleys there, a narrow road with the woods, hemlock, and spruce and pine, hemming it in.

"I'm afraid I should have kept on the highway!" Will thought, after he had gone four of the fifteen miles. And a little later, his wheels spinning and packing the snow under them into a glazed rut, he muttered, "I guess I shouldn't have come at all!" He could hardly see the trees that hemmed in the road. He shouldn't have come—and yet he had planned for weeks to visit his friend this particular week-end.

He stood by his machine a mile further along and considered things. There were snow drifts in front of him and snow drifts behind him. Should he turn! He might get back—but he doubted if he could. He might get to the other road if he pushed on—although he doubted if that were possible. He wished he had stayed at home. Then he began to shovel. He had to get somewhere! Overhead the wind howled, and the sky was milky with the white flakes that swirled forward in sheets. The pines bent as the blasts smote them. And the white drifts piled up higher and higher.

Bill shovelled desperately. Down the road was a shack. . . . If he could get there . . .

Bill began to shovel desperately. Down the road two miles was a shack, a deserted bunk house of a defunct lumber camp. If he could get there he could hole up until the storm had passed. And he had to get somewhere—quick!

While Bill was shovelling his way through the drifts, working frantically, Nelson Porter, also of Maplegrove, who had left even earlier that morning to spend the week-end with a friend in Edinboro, pulled up alongside of the bunk-house, and breathed a sigh of relief as he climbed out of his car and gave up the struggle to drive through a snow drifted road. He too had taken the short cut.

Nelson stood just inside the door, looking out at the falling snow flakes and thought of the gloomy prospect before him. Hours of solitude and cold. He wished some fellow traveller were there to share his imprisonment.

He might not have made that wish if he had known that William Atmore was coming, for William and he, classmates at Maplegrove High, had no use for each other—and never had. The proof of that might be found in the scores that opponents of Maplegrove ran up in basketball games of the early season—for on the Maplegrove team William Atmore was one forward, and Nelson Porter the other.

One result of this feud was that in Maplegrove, twenty-eight miles away, the discouraged coach of a basketball team that had lost every game was thinking, "I wish there was a way to get those two forwards of mine to co-oper-

ate!" He was thinking of the games in the coming league play-off. Then he looked out of the window. "It's a bad storm," he thought.

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THE snow thickened. The drifts in front of the car increased. William Atmore, his clothes soaked by perspiration, shovelled. A mile back he had been tempted to abandon his machine and tramp to the shack on foot. He'd have to do so if he didn't get the car through soon. But he'd try a little longer and see if he couldn't get the car through.

The wind howled. Will either shovelled, or drove, bucking drifts. And then, dimly, to one side of the road, he saw the dilapidated shack, a grey blurr in a white opaque cloud.

He struggled towards it. It was a good thing that old shack was still standing. If it hadn't been—he didn't bluff himself—he might have died!

"I doubt," he thought, "if they have the road open for days!"

And then he shoved the door of the shack open, stepped in, and said, "Hello!"

"You! Here!" Williams said. He was sorry to see that his visitor was Nelson. He didn't like the fellow.

Nelson was thinking the same thing about William. And yet he couldn't keep him out. "It's some storm, isn't it!" he said.

And it was. The wind shrieked. Its violence increased as the hours passed. The cold which had been severe became bitter.

"I'll take this side of the shack for mine," Nelson had said. "What about it?"

"Suits me!" William had said.

And so they sat—and had little to say as the minutes passed. Each was thinking, "If only I hadn't started! If only the sudden blizzard hadn't come!"

* * *

AND then William chanced to look up—and gasped. Above his head, on his side of the old bunk house, the rotted sheeting boards were bending in and giving way. Heavy snow on the roof was breaking them down.

"I say," he said—then stopped. Nelson wouldn't help—naturally. And besides Nelson had nothing to do with his side of the bunk house. So he just stamped out to his car, his breath coming in gasps as he faced the gusty wind, secured a shovel, and then climbed up on the roof.

The boards creaked. One, rotted, gave way and hung down inside the shack, a long V-shaped wedge.

William shovelled. Then he sighed. He could remove the snow, but more was coming down. In an hour or so the weight of the snow would again break the rotted boards!

He climbed down off the roof. There was nothing to do but get an axe, go out, cut poles, and prop up the roof as well as he could. If the old roof caved in he would be in a fix!

But he had no axe.

"There's one," Nelson said, "in my car."

"Mind if I borrow it?" William said. He pointed to the roof. "If it caves in," he said, "the old shack won't be much of a shelter."

Nelson blinked as he watched William get the axe and start for the woods back of the bunkhouse. Then suddenly he called out. "Wait! I'm coming too!"

"It isn't your side," William said, turning.

Nelson was getting into his coat. "That's right," he said. "But if it caves in, I guess my side won't be of much use!"

William hadn't thought of that.

"So I'll go along and help," Nelson said.

And an hour later the bunkhouse roof was safe.

"Let it snow!" William said. "It can't crush that roof now!"

Nelson looked at the props. "It will have to go some if it does," he said.

Then they had supper. Coffee, and cookies, and sandwiches. William had a thermos bottle full of coffee that he had filled before he left home. And Nelson had cookies and sandwiches.

"Mother insisted that I take some," he said.

"I'm glad she did!" William said. He was munching a cookie. And Nelson was drinking some hot coffee. In a cold bunkhouse, for there was no stove, hot coffee surely tasted good!

"Tomorrow they'll have the road open," William said confidently.

But on the morrow it was still snowing, and continued to snow all through the day. The drifts that had been a foot high became three or four feet high. The wind swirled the powdery dust forward, blocking the road completely, filling it from side to side.

William looked at his thermos bottle. There was just a drop of coffee left. And he knew the sandwiches were about gone too. He went out and looked up at the sky. It was grey, and leaden. More snow coming!

He went back into the cabin. They couldn't get out! Even on foot they couldn't make it! What if the snow plow didn't come through! His folks, and Nelson's folks, would naturally think they had reached their friends. The telephone lines throughout the country might even be down too. There would be no way for their friends to let their folks know they had not arrived.

Nelson was evidently thinking of the same thing.

"It looks as if we're in for it," he said.

"I guess so," William said. He passed the coffee over. "Better have some," he said.

"There's no use trying to get out," Nelson said. He was awed by the violence of the storm, and the depth of the drifts before the shack.

"No use," Williams agreed. They couldn't walk. Away from the shack they'd flounder and perish.

"We ought to build a fireplace on the floor," William said, "cut wood, and make ourselves as comfortable as we can."

"It will keep our minds off the lack of food, anyway," Nelson agreed. "Let's go!"

Out into the storm they went together, while in Maplegrove, before an open fireplace, cheery flames making a comfortable room lined with book cases and filled with easy chairs even more cozy, a coach was thinking, "I wish there was some way to get William and Nelson together! Good fellows, both of them, if only they'd cooperate." He sighed and swung one leg over the other, toasting his toes on the fender.

* * *

THE wind died away by night. Yet the snow still fell.

Nelson had been out. "I think that it will let up by morning," he predicted.

"There's a line of light on the western horizon, isn't there?" William asked.

Nelson nodded.

"Say," he said, "could I eat a square meal!"

"Could I!" William said.

The dusk of the early evening deepened. Nelson put a few sticks on the fire burning in the rough fireplace they had built on the floor. "I'll watch the fire while you snooze," he said.

William climbed into his bunk. "I'll watch it later," he said. "Don't fail to wake me." And, just before he went to sleep, "If it lets up they'll have us out of here in no time at all!"

And that night he dreamed of snow plows snorting through, of drifts flying in every direction in fine snow spray as the plows opened up the road.

They'd get them out, of course! He said that, and Nelson, too. But the next day, nine o'clock became ten, and ten became eleven, and no plow came.

They were hungry, and getting a little weak.

"I tell you what," William said, "I'm going to try and get through myself. If we don't get out . . ."

"We're likely to die here," Nelson said. His face was haggard.

"If," William said, "I cut a tree, and fashion a log snow plow . . ."

They cut it. William couldn't handle a tree by himself, and they had to have one. So Nelson helped.

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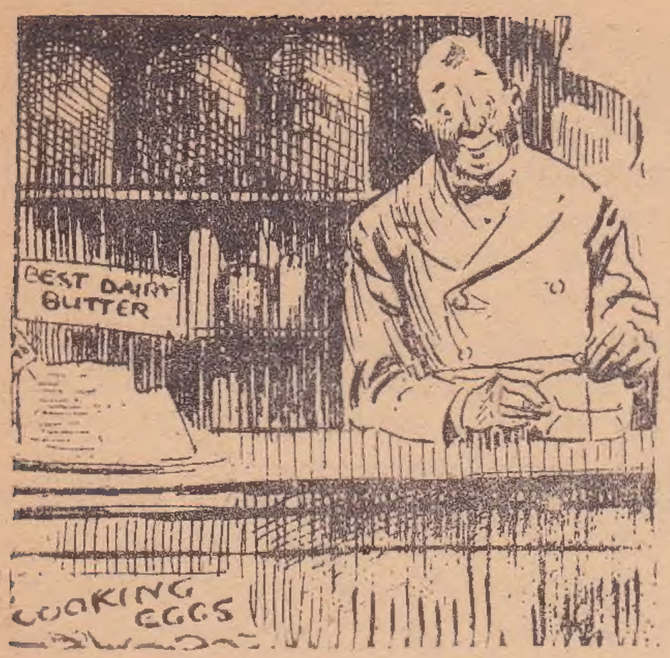
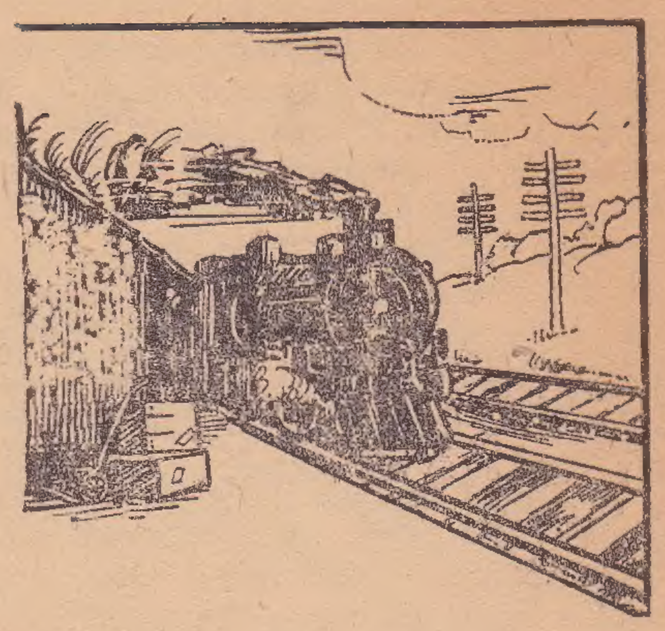


Behind the Counter

By N. M. GEORGE

For the Messenger



IMPORTANT PEOPLE

EZRA SYTHE, General Storekeeper in Topville, a small coastal town. **MRS. SYTHE**, Ezra's wife.

ROBERT DOUCE, a determined young fellow whose plan to work his way through college and become a minister leads him to take the job of clerk in Ezra's store.

TOM JONES, CALVIN BATES, JIM RICKSON and others, fisher lads whom Robert persuades to form a club called the Topville Progressive Club.

JACK BATES and **BEN JOHNSON** fishermen who get involved in a bootlegging scheme at Coon Cove Point. Ezra and Robert, disguised in Hallowe'en "ghost costumes", frighten the two men so badly that they abandon their scheme, turn over a new leaf, and settle down to honest work. Jack enters his new boat in a race at Burnett's Beach and wins first prize for Topville. The next event in the Field Day is a 100 yard dash.

THEY lined up. On each side the road was lined with people from Burnett and Topville. Never had so many people left Topville at one time, so it seemed. Everyone was tense with excitement as the starter shouted, "Ready! On your mark!" Bang!

Off they started like a suddenly-released spring. It seemed to the onlookers that they finished as soon as they started. Tom came in an easy first, leading by two yards. Topville had six points now, but as two points were given for second and one for third places it just left them tied with Burnett's Beach.

The next event was the high jump, Neil was the only boy from Topville to compete. Topville was at a loss, as in each race they only seemed to have one competitor, except the pole vault. Robert had to run the five mile race and he had to keep all his energy for that. He called Tom over to where he was standing.

"Tom, you have always been a good sport."

"Yes," interrupted Tom, "what do you want now? A chew of tobacco or the king's crown?"

Robert laughed, "One would be as useful to me as the other; I would not know what to do with them if I had them. Tom, I want you to run or jump or do something else;—we only have two competitors and the points count. We have to come in first every time even to get a tie in the total standing."

"Right you are," said Tom. "We just must do something."

"Make it or get it, somehow or another. Post entries to every event that follows; do your best, and a third would be a great help." Tom left, and soon returned to say he had been successful in getting in on the post entries.

"I have practised them on the field with the boys. I think I can make a showing," he told Robert.

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THE high jump was now on. What excitement; Tom jumped, and didn't do badly. Neil was as light as a feather and seemed to go over easily. Every jump made brought cheers from the crowds. Boosters from Topville and Burnett's Beach seemed each to take turns. The contest was now up to three boys, Neil, Tom and a boy from Burnett's Beach. Higher and higher they seemed to go until one would think the record was set; but another try, and still another, and the boys were still making it.

At last Tom failed to go over; he tried again. The third time he was counted out. He had still won third place. If Neil could only come first, all would be well. Surely all his practice and his good physique would come to his air. The pole was raised another inch. Topville went over flying. Burnett's Beach went over, but on the second try. Another inch. Tom and Robert held their breath. Neil jumped and missed. Burnett's cheered. Neil seemed to get rattled. He jumped again and missed.

"All off now," said Tom.

"Who said so!" answered Robert quickly, as he gave Neil a steady, encouraging grin.

Neil gathered all his reserve and jumped, clearing the pole by three inches! Never such a jump had been made at Burnett's. Topville cheered, and cheered. An entry from Burnett's Beach ran up, and measured the bar with his eye. This was his last chance to make good, and his strength was failing.

He tried and missed; tried again, with everyone holding their breath. Again he missed. Neil had won. Points now stood one in favor of Topville.

The pole vault resulted in a tie also.

THE broad jump, and the hop, skip and jump were still to come, before the five-mile race, also the two-twenty and one-mile. Topville had entries in every event, and Tom was in every one. The broad jump and the hop,-skip went off like the high jump, with the results as close as could be; but Tom was first in the broad jump, and did not place at all in the hop, skip and jump.

Burnett's were two points ahead when these two contests were over. Robert was running the mile, Charlie, the two-twenty. Both counted much on the getaway. The two-twenty lined up, eight in all, Charlie, Tom, two from a nearby town, and four fellows from Burnett's. Charlie was tense waiting for the gun that would send them flying.

"On your mark—" called the starter, and before the gun fired, one of the Burnett's Beach boys was away. Just why the starter did not call them back, no one knew. The gun fired at the same instant, but he had a lead on the others. Charlie did his best, but he could not gain enough on the leader to catch him; he came in second, about one foot behind. Tom came third.

Tom, faithful and genuine, was giving his all that day for Topville.

Burnett's was still two points ahead. Two more events for the boys and one for the ladies. Robert wondered just how these would affect T.P.C.

* * *

TOM lay stretched out on the grass; exhausted was no name for the way he felt.

"Robert, I cannot run that mile,—I can't. I have a stitch in my side and I'm all in; give me a drink of water," he gasped.

"No, Tom; no water now. Here's a lemon and an orange. Eat, drink and be merry," said Robert, cheering him up as best he could.

Tom rested and sucked an orange, but was determined not to run again that day. The next was the ladies' rolling-pin throw. Robert was busy rounding up all the ladies from Topville. He asked Mrs. Sythe first, and

after a little persuasion, she and Bessie entered, followed by Mrs. Baxter, Miss Barnes and Muriel Bates. A large number of the Burnett's Beach ladies entered and looked rather antagonistic towards Topville. Topville was giving them a hard run today, and they were determined not to let the women beat them, whatever the boys did. That rolling pin throw was tremendously exciting.

It ended in Topville's favor, as Mrs. Sythe took first, Miss Barnes second and Burnett's third place. Points now stood two in favor of Topville. While that rolling-pin contest was on, Tom was lying down on the grass behind a booth where they sold ice-cream and soft drinks. Tom was so nearly exhausted that he did not take much interest in the contest going on at the moment. Robert was right there, watching every move. As Tom was taking the needed rest he heard voices on the other side of the canvas wall of the booth. He did not intend to listen until a remark made him roll over, full of curiosity.

" . . . Are we going to let these hunks of cheese come over from that hick town and put the kibosh on us? We've always taken the cup. Last year Bedfert went home sick. Surely if we beat Bedfert, we can lick Topville. First time for this bunch of hicks to get out of the woods. Say, are we going to sit back and watch them carry home the bacon?"

"What can we do about it?" came the reply.

"That clerk in old man Sythe's store is as smart as the dickens, and Jones is as tough as you can find them."

"I know," said the first speaker. "Those are the two we have to beat. I heard that Douce's time on the five miles was twenty-seven thirty-two. None of us here can beat that. Of course, Jones won't run any more and Cassis and Graydon are easily put out of business. On the mile, cross the corner in front of them if they happen to be second or third,—trip them. Tell the other Burnett's, and put these two upstarts out of the way."

"I don't know what to do about Douce, but we'll watch him. If he gets behind a second, trip him. There are lots of Burnett's boys. Round them all up and get them in the run. Dan Keddit is stake at X——'s corner. Give him the wink and he will not haul any of our bunch up if we cut the corner."

"A lot of that is easier said than done," said the second speaker. "That Jones is brute strong, and they say Douce is as smart as a steel trap."

"Yes, but they're only two, and they're not in Topville now."

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THE two wandered offi but Tom had heard enough to take all the tiredness from his bones and give strength to his limbs. All the excitement of the rolling pin contest was still running high when Tom called Robert and said, "I am going to run the mile; perhaps I'll run the five."

Robert looked at Tom with surprise. What had happened to the boy? A few minutes ago he would not run, he *could* not run, and now he was determined he was going to run, not only the one-mile, but the five also!

He stared at Tom, and said, "What's up?"

"Enough," answered Tom. "Robert, I want you to promise me on every honor you have, your club, your heart, your mother, and—" (with a grin) "yes, Miss Barnes,—that you will keep ahead on the next two runs if you can at all. It's an urgent call, Bob, for *you* to do your best."

Robert almost laughed at the earnest tones of Tom's usually happy jesting voice. "I am running to win, Tom; but why try to keep ahead and waste my energy; you know as well as I do that while I keep ahead my opponents will try harder to beat me. I intended to follow the leader until a short distance,—say fifty yards from the goal, then sprint; I will be near enough to him so he won't get me. Don't worry, old top."

"Robert, I have asked you to run first. Now you have always been the leader and we followed. You must do it today, Robert, in this run. You must lead; do you hear me?" Tom's voice had a note of desperation. "Please, Bob, promise me!"

"Sure, Tom, I will promise you anything that is right to satisfy your mind. I'll put everything into holding the lead,—but why?"

"It would take too long to tell you now, Robert, but I know you will do your best."

Robert and Tom shook hands. Robert saw that Tom was in dead earnest. He could not imagine what was up, but as Tom said, they had followed his leadership without question; now it was up to him to do it, and he would, too. At least he would try.

* * *

THE mile entries lined up. Tom, Robert, Walter and Donald, from Topville, and seven from Burnett's. The gun flashed, all were off. Robert kept his promise and led easily. At the second lap, Tom began to lag. A Burnett's runner was close behind. Tom ran heavily, his mouth was dry, noises rang in his ears. He ran and ran, but did not seem to make any headway. Burnett had him. As he swung the corner, Burnett put his foot between Tom's. Tired as he was, Tom was on the watch for it. He broke stride momentarily, and Burnett's man fell headlong.

Tom kept on, wearily; he had lost time and now there were two more ahead of him. He was mad, he was blinded by perspiration, but he knew they did not wear the black and gold of the T.P.C. He strained every nerve. If he could only come second he would not have to run in that five-mile. He must place—he *must*—and gathering all his reserve, he passed the third runner with a surprising burst of speed. By a prodigious effort he held his breath when he passed and the runner despairingly concluded he was still fresh, and did not try to pass him again.

He was now running third. He could see Robert's slim figure ahead, from which flashed the black and gold.

Robert had kept his promise. He must win for Topville. Another thrust, and Tom passed the second runner, and fell across the line, half dead, and with only a few inches to spare, but in second place!

Cheers and shouts almost deafened him as Tom was carried away, and Robert was congratulated for his fine running. Few thought about Tom at that time,—nor did he care. He had won for Topville a place in the standing that they could not lose now, unless something unexpected happened. They were now six points ahead and Robert should win the five-mile. And how! Donald and Walter both dropped out, when they saw they were beaten. Poor sportsmanship, thought Tom.

A few minutes' rest and all were lined up for the five-mile. Grim lips were shut tight and determination showed on every face. The gun started them.

Robert would have liked to take it easy as he planned, but the promise to Tom had to be kept. Tom was so faithful! What was the matter? He kept ahead, but not far; he held the same pace all through. He was thinking this was going to be another easy race like the mile. He knew what Tom had gone through to place second, and he felt ashamed to know how easy it had been for him in first place. They were now a mile from the goal. He took a chance and looked behind. Donald was third, coming up fast; but the quick backward glance almost meant disaster to Robert. The second runner, a Burnett's boy, made a dash forward and stepped heavily on Robert's foot.

Robert faltered, caught himself quickly and ran again. He felt a sharp pain shoot through his ankle; he saw his opponent ahead now, and his ankle was hurting. What could he do? A mile lay ahead of him. He knew what Tom had meant when he urged him to keep ahead of the others. Tom suspected foul play. Good old Tom. He must win,—he *must* win.

With new determination, he leaped ahead. His ankle pained, his head was dizzy, but he ran on.

"Faster! Faster!" he kept repeating to himself.

He drew abreast of his opponent.

He kept well out in the middle of the

(Please turn to Page 10.)

"Always a Scout"

By "Yarn Spinner"

For the Messenger.

"THANKS; 'Once a Scout, always a Scout, I see." The girl with the Akela badge smiled pleasantly as Jack Manley lifted her parcels off the rack. They were coming into Euston Station. In camp with the ——Th Canadian Regiment, Jack had run up to London to see his English cousins. The latter half hour on the train had been lightened by a chat with this Akela of St. —'s Southwark Pack.

Most of the children of the parish had been evacuated, she told Jack, but enough of the Pack had been left to carry on.

Though she was in the A.R.P. service she managed to get to the Pack for each weekly meeting. They closed down sharp at 6 p.m. so that the boys would be well home before "Jerry's concert" began.

Jack told her of Cubbing in Canada, and the two felt like old friends by the time they drew into the station.

Jack saw Elsie Westover on her bus and bade her "Good Hunting," and made for the underground which would connect with the suburban train.

It was a peculiarly depressing afternoon. The sun was invisible. A chill wind blew through the almost deserted streets. A sleety rain poured down persistently. Jack in all his 20 years had never felt so lonely.

* * *

IT was a dreary journey to the suburb. The two or three passengers who got off at the little station disappeared instantly.

Jack asked a railway porter the way to Glencairn Avenue. The man looked at him curiously and pointed down the street. Jack stepped out into the rain and walked in the direction indicated.

The atmosphere was acrid with smoke and at every step broken glass crackled under his feet. A street sign told him he was at the corner of Glencairn. But of the Avenue itself hardly a house remained standing. Each one was a heap of smoking ruins.

The Germans had done their work thoroughly the previous night. There had been many casualties, some score of them fatal. Jack to his relief found that the Lesters had escaped with a few cuts and bruises. His informant, the town clerk, didn't know where they had gone. They had friends in Uxbridge, in Willesden and in London itself; they might be with any of them.

Jack took the train back to town, changed to the Underground and got off at Trafalgar Square. In each station hundreds of people were making themselves as comfortable as possible for the night.

Jack stepped out into the drizzle again. Didn't he miss the Canadian snow? A visit to the Beaver (Canadian Service Men's) Club cheered him up a little. The rooms were cosy, the papers,—especially those from Canada were interesting, and the companionship of the other fellows, very pleasant.

But none of the chaps from Jack's special unit were there and after a while "the black dog" as Mr. Doyle used to call it, sat more and more heavily on his shoulders.

He felt like kicking himself, for a fellow of 20, a Canadian soldier at that, should not be homesick. But he was and that dreadfully.

They'll Still Carry On

'Will there be violets of Devonshire
Sold on the streets of London in this year?
I know there will, and passing folk to buy
And wear them still as I did. You remember
How, in the fog, we took the fragrant things
And felt the earth of England in our hands?
An earth that seemed so rich for winter's season;
An earth where such a valiant people stands
As shall be pattern for all men hereafter
Who need a word for valiance! Yes, I know
That even in the dark, vendors will cry
The lovely blooms, and even in the dark
London will buy.

—Edna Mead in New York Herald Tribune.

HE left the building and took a bus across the river where he was to stay with some friends. As he stepped from the bus, a hand slapped him on the back, and a voice said,

"Good ol' Canadian! Come with me an' we'll have a good time!"

Jack tried to get away from the man but he hung on obstinately to his arm. He steered Jack up one street, down another and across a small square. He knocked at a door and they were admitted.

The room was filled with tobacco smoke. At one end some sort of stage show was going on. Perhaps a hundred people were grouped round tables drinking. Maudlin voices rose in the chorus of a song of not very choice character.

The glaring lights, the heat, were almost too much for Jack. After all, outside was wet, cold and lonesomeness. Here were light, warmth and companionship—of a sort. Something in his moral as well as in his physical constitution sagged. He sank into a seat by one of the tables.

"That's right, that's right. Good ol' Canadian," said his companion, "Sit down an' have a drink!"

He signalled to a waiter and two steaming glasses of liquor were set before them.

"That's the stuff that'll put the fight in you," continued Jack's queer companion. "What does ol' Shakespeare say?

'An' let me the canikin clink, clink,
An' let me the canikin clink,
A soldier's a man; O man's life's but a span:
Why then, let a soldier drink'."

Jack's hand reached out to take one of the glasses.

* * *

"Once a Scout always a Scout. . . " A voice with a pleasant Devonshire accent seemed speaking to his ear, and to his mental vision came a picture of a face with level smiling grey eyes.

And then there shot into his mind the 10th Scout Law, as he had taught it to many a tenderfoot—

A SCOUT IS CLEAN IN THOUGHT, WORD AND DEED.

And with it lines from Kipling that he had heard somewhere,

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day:
That we may bring if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Jack rose to his feet and buttoned up his coat. He laughed.

"Don't you remember, mate? Those are not Shakespeare's own words. They are the words of his meanest villain. And don't you remember that that poor Cassio, the soldier who drinks, ruins everybody, himself included. He says, 'O that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains.'

"Good night. Thanks very much. I know you mean well!"

(Please turn to Page 9.)

"Fight Without Hatred"

HERE is a fine word that was spoken by the Archbishop of York in a broadcast address recently. There has been a great deal of talking and writing done in the present crisis by some who have never faced realities with regard to the fundamental causes of this war. Dr. Temple places the issue squarely before us when he says that man's neglect of God and His laws has led to the calamity, but here are his words, which speak for themselves:

"If we are defeated, the British Empire is doomed. And that Empire, in spite of some dark pages in its history, and many imperfections in its present life, is yet the bearer of a tradition so noble and so precious to mankind that duty would call us to fight for its preservation even if nothing further were at stake.

"In this day of judgment, when man's neglect of God and His laws has led to calamity beyond words to express, and to anxiety that wrings the heart, we need dedication complete and absolute. Even now, the war has not profoundly affected the daily lives of multitudes. We need a more searching self-discipline than we have as yet accepted. We are being tested; we need the utmost strength that we can gain.

"It is hard to fight with all one's might and still avoid all hatred. But it is possible upon one condition—the realization of our dependence upon God and the committing of our cause and ourselves to Him. We are called to the hardest of all tasks—to fight without hatred, to resist without bitterness, and in the end, if God grant it, to triumph without vindictiveness."

Amazing Choice

I'm glad that when I met Thee, Lord,
  I did not hurry past,
But chose, instead, to walk with Thee,
  With Thee my lot to cast.

And yet, the wonder is not this:
  That *I* would walk with *Thee;*
But wonder of all wonders, Lord,
  That *Thou* wouldst walk with *me!*
—Esther M. Smith, in Episcopal Recorder.

"In Christ the ideas of the Gospel are guaranteed by the fact of Christ."

* * *

"A correct code of morals leaves us absolutely cold; only when that code becomes a character does it shake us."

* * *

"We cannot commune with a sunbeam or say our prayers to the force of gravity or bow down to the multiplication table, however true they may be."

* * *

"Whoso has felt the Spirit of the Highest,
Cannot confound nor doubt Him, nor deny;
Yea with one voice, O world, though thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I."

An early Christian writer says, "Christ is called the corner-stone, because as the corner-stone unites in itself two walls, so also Christ unites in Himself two peoples, the Gentiles and the Jews, and by faith makes them one."

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Ponder the path of thy feet and let all thy ways be established.—Prov. 4:26

Mon. : Buy the truth, and sell it not.—Prov. 23:23.

Tue. : Make straight paths for your feet. —Heb. 12:13.

Wed. : I will direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.—Ps. 5:3.

Thu. : If any man serve me, let him follow me.—John 12:26

Fri. : If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. —Rom. 12:18

Sat. : Walk ye in him: rooted and built up in him.—Col. 2:6, 7.

"Spiritual Revolution in the East"

By WALTER FREYTAG, D.D.

DR. FREYTAG'S careful survey of missionary work in New Guinea, the Dutch East Indies, China and India is a penetrating and original study of the development and place of the Christian Church in a heathen environment, especially as such a community comes more and more under the sway of Western civilization. His emphasis on the importance of the Church is in full keeping with the best missionary thought of today, though the approach is different from that of the Englishman.

"The International Missionary Council called attention to the peculiar value of this work." (Lutterworth Press, London, 7s. 6d. net.)

Freedom

By Clyde Edwin Tuck

When I my all into Thy care resign,
  And gladly do the work Thou givest me,
My will is made subordinate to Thine;
  Then I shall know the truth that makes man free.

When I can faults forget and wrongs forgive,
  And with my lowly lot contented be,
When I in peace with all mankind can live,
  Then I shall know the truth that makes man free.

When I can loss and grief with patience bear,
  And meet life's challenge bravely—only see
A way Thy good with those in need to share,
  Then I shall know the truth that makes man free.

When, by Thy grace, I cast all doubt aside
  And humbly take my cross and follow Thee
With hope and trust that in Thy word abide—
  Then I shall know the truth that makes man free.

"We Can Only Go Forward"

"WE can only go forward, and we should do that in the spirit of the Crucified with our invincible Cross ever before us. When the national consciousness and individual consciousness are developed through a belief in religion then the doom of civilization may be averted, but not until then."
—Madame Chiang Kai-Shek.

National Selfishness

THE patriotism and the religion of the leaders of the nation were both of a narrow "possessive" type. (St. John 11:48) Selfishness always defeats its own ends. When either nation or church thinks more of itself than of justice and kindness and truth it has set its feet on the road to ruin. This selfish bigotry led directly to the destruction of the Jewish church and nation thirty-seven years afterwards. Selfishness is at the root of all sin.

MAKE it your prayer this day: "Lord, help me to glorify Thee; I am poor, help me to glorify Thee by contentment; I am sick, help me to give Thee honor by patience; I have talents, help me to extol Thee by spending them for Thee; I have time, Lord, help me to redeem it, that I may serve Thee; I have a heart to feel, Lord, let that heart feel no love but Thine, and glow with no flame but affection for Thee.
—Spurgeon.

Young People's Bible Reading

The Messiah Rejected

by BEREAN

For Sunday
MAR. 9, 1941.
Luke 20:9-20

OUR Lord followed up His defeat of the priests and scribes who had questioned His authority by a parable. You can imagine the people drawing closer to listen and even His enemies pausing to hear what further He had to say.

"What sort of mood do you think the chief priests and elders are in now? Very angry? Yes; but also, I think, a little bit cowed and subdued. All their imperious domineering had failed, and with the crowd listening and, I suppose, enjoying it, they had to stand silent and listen like children to His stern teaching. He had been so gentle always before, that they hardly know Him now. Like lion roused, something in His look and manner awes them." (Paterson Smyth)

So He tells the story—

A man planted a vineyard.—"The illustration would suit the scenery round Jerusalem, with its vine-clad terraced hills, just as the agricultural imagery of the parables of the Sower, the Tares, the Mustard Seed, would suit the plain of Gennesaret, where those parables were given." (Adeney)

Isaiah (5:1-7) had sung of Israel as God's vineyard which instead of good grapes had brought forth wild grapes. In our Lord's parable the figure is changed, it is the cultivators who are unfaithful.

A vineyard.—"Out of the great wilderness of the sinful world God had, as it were, walled off one corner, where plants should be specially tended and cared for. . . . No other nation on earth got such care, and teaching, and help of every kind to be religious. Was this because they were special pets and favorites, and that God did not care much for the others? Certainly not. Impress on children that it was *for the sake of all the rest* that the Jews were trained, that they might preserve and hand down religion through all the world." (Paterson Smyth)

"THE WICKED HUSBANDMEN"

HUSBANDMEN.—"Not the Jews, but the Jewish leaders, priests, scribes, rulers as verse 19 shows." (Adeney)

Another country.—"The idea is necessary for the completion of the parable. It is not to be pressed in the interpretation. All that is meant is that God entrusted the privileges and responsibilities of His kingdom to certain men, allowing them scope for free action with corresponding responsibility." (Adeney)

"And the householder (God) departed. When He no longer spoke to them in the pillar of cloud, or perhaps the departure of God is His long-suffering; for God seems to be in a far country when He is long-suffering and does not call men to account for their sins the moment they are committed." (Theophylact)

"Did God really go away? . . .What does it mean? God is not really absent, —He is near to everyone who wants to be helped; but His visible presence . . . was withdrawn." (Paterson-Smyth)

At the season.—The detail may be significant. "In the history of souls and of nations, there are seasons which even more than all other are times of fruit; when God requires such with more than usual earnestness, when it will fare ill with a soul or a nation, if these be not found." (Trench)

Once to every man and nation comes
the moment to decide
In the strife of Truth and Falsehood for
the good or evil side.
(Lowell)

A servant.—The servants sent one after another represent all those who had endeavored to lead Israel aright—especially the prophets.

The fruit.—In the story the rent is to be paid in kind.

"Fruits of a good, true, beautiful life, which God sought." (Paterson Smyth)

"And the fruits of the vineyard are the keeping of the commandments of the Law, and the practice of the virtues; and the servants are the prophets who, when sent to demand from Israel obedience to the Law and a virtuous life were variously maltreated." (Euthymius)

Beat him.—In St. Matthew and St. Luke some of the servants are killed.

In studying the prophets some months ago we saw how so many of them were persecuted by the men of their day. (See St. Matt. 23:29-32; Acts 7:52; Heb. 11:36-40)

"MY BELOVED SON"

"NOW comes something very touching. Why touching?—Because He was talking with calm sadness of what would be done to Himself in a few days. Does He put Himself down as one of the servants, merely as a prophet like other prophets? No. The Son—the Son of God. Though so gentle and modest always He never drops this claim. And He seems to say, too, 'This is God's final and greatest message.' Last of all, He sent His Son," as if He would say: 'God has no more now that He can do. He has made His last move. He has no other messenger, no other inducement. If men will not be touched by that their case is hopeless." (Paterson Smyth)

My beloved son.—"The doctrinal importance of this parable . . . is great. In it Christ claims to be in a unique

(Please turn to Page 8.)

He was despised and rejected of men;
A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;
And we hid as it were our faces from him.
He was despised and we esteemed him not.

* * *

He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied.
—*Isaiah* 53:3, 11.

* * *

He was in the world and the world was made through him and the world knew him not. He came unto his own and his own received him not. But as many as received him to them gave he the right to become children of God, even to them that believe on his name.
—*St. John* 1:10-12

* * *

By their unbelief they were broken off . . . (but) God is able to graft them in again.—*Rom.* 11:20, 23.

* * *

Memory Verse

Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.
—Matt. 5:11.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Mon.—Luke 20:9-18
Tue.—Luke 20:19, 20.
Wed.—Luke 20:21-26.
Thu.—Heb. 11:24-27
Fri.—Matt. 10:16-22
Sat.—II Cor. 11:23-27
Sun.—Matt. 5:10-12

"STORM-STAYED"

(Continued from Page 2.)

With makeshift tools they fashioned a plow, a rough V-shaped scraper, and fastened it in front of William's roadster. And then they started, William running the plow, Nelson shovelling.

At times the plow buckled and almost stood the machine on its nose. At other times they had to shovel the plow out when it bogged down. But they made progress. They were clearing a path.

"I think we can make it—tomorrow," Nelson spoke a trifle wearily at the end of the day, "we can make it—tomorrow."

William nodded. They'd have to! There was no use going on—tonight! He looked at Nelson standing by the machine, shovel in hand. A good scout, Nelson! There hadn't been a whimper out of him all day!

Nelson said, "Take it easy, Bill!" He looked at William's haggard face. A good fellow, William; one who could work and not complain!

Back at the bunkhouse, they built a fire on the hearth. The smoke swirled up and around the rafters, and then shot out of the hole in the roof.

"One thing," William said, "we won't freeze!"

He watched the fire that evening while Nelson slept.

"Call me later," Nelson said. And, "Goodnight, Bill!"

"Good night, Nelson," Bill said.

He slipped out at eleven. He stood looking down the gash, an aisle that ran through the woods. They had to get out—soon! And it was snowing again.

* * *

IN the morning, though, they found the new fall of snow was light and powdery. They pushed along, the log plow working like magic in the light snow, until they came to the drifts that had blocked them the evening before.

"We've bucked the snow six miles," William said. "There's only five left! We'll make it!"

Suddenly Nelson pointed and cried out. For, coming up the wood road, was a cloud of flying snow dust! And behind the cloud, a snow plow!

"They're coming after us!" Nelson said. He could have collapsed.

"They're coming!" William said. He too felt limp.

The snow plow came nearer and nearer, cutting through the last drift. The man on it looked at Nelson and William, and said, "So you were here! Old Man Talmadge said he saw smoke back here and 'lowed someone was storm-stayed in the old bunkhouse."

"It's a good thing Old Man Talmadge saw that smoke!" one of the men said. "If he hadn't . . ."

Nelson was weary, unutterably weary. But he pulled himself up at that. "If you hadn't come," he said, "we'd have got out somehow!"

William stopped slumping, and stood straight. "When two fellows work together," he said, "you can't stop them!"

* * *

Down in Maplegrove the coach still sighed whenever he thought of his basketball team. The storm was getting on his nerves. He scowled out at the weather and drummed with his fingers on the window sill. "If only I could get those two forwards of mine to work together!" he said impatiently. "If only I could!"

The snow flakes danced mischievously outside.

MESSIAH REJECTED

(Continued from Page 7.)

sense the Son of God. He calls Moses and the prophets . . . bond servants, and places Himself at an immense elevation above them as the beloved Son of the Householder." (Dummelow)

"Now after the triumphal entry to Jerusalem he does not hesitate to speak of his own nature and claims. This later teaching in the Synoptics exactly agrees with the fuller teaching of John's Gospel on the Divinity of Christ." (Adeney)

This is the heir.—Their hatred against him was all the more bitter because they recognized him for who he was.

Let us kill him.—"Thus Jesus lets it be seen that he is aware of the intention of the Jewish rulers to put him to death." (Adeney)

That the inheritance may be ours.—"Both priests and scribes desired to have full control of their people's religion. The coming of Jesus threatened this. If he were out of the way their influence, as they supposed, would be undisturbed." (Adeney)

He will come and destroy.—Matthew reports a little differently. The sentence is pronounced by themselves. Our Lord asks, "What will the lord of the vineyard do?" And they, so taken up with the dramatic story, answer, "He will miserably destroy those miserable men, etc." (St. Matt. 21:40, 41. R.V.)

Quite likely both reports are correct. There were various elements in the crowd. Some did not at once recognize the application. Others did, "And when they heard it, they said, God forbid."

Others.—The apostles and Christian leaders and the Gentiles who have become heirs to Israel's covenant.

"The Chief Corner Stone"

THEN our Lord "looks upon them."

We often meet this expression in the Gospels. His intent gaze, often in love and pity for men's distress, sometimes in indignation at their unfair dealing, impressed the Evangelists.

The stone.—The quotation is from Psa. 118:22, one of the Passover Psalms. A story is told that in building the second temple there was a stone which did not seem to fit anywhere and which lay around rejected. Then it was discovered that it was the most important stone of the building, the corner stone which should join two of the great walls together.

The Psalmist uses the figure to represent Israel despised by the nations but chosen by God for a great work.

Isaiah (28:16) had also used the figure. The Rabbis taught that these Old Testament prophecies pointed to the Messiah. We see them fulfilled in our Lord. Compare our passage today with Acts 4:11; Rom. 9:33; 10:11; Eph. 2:20-22; 1 Peter 2:4-8.

Everyone that falleth.—As though the stone were a stumbling block. Peter speaking of the Crucifixion of the Lord (Acts 3:17) says, "I wot that through ignorance ye did it as did also your rulers." These men, when like Saul of Tarsus they learned what they had done, must have felt "broken" and bruised indeed.

On whomsoever it shall fall.—The rulers and their followers even after the Resurrection obstinately shut their eyes to the light, and in the destruction of their city the nation was "ground to powder"; "scattered as dust" (R.V.); "scattered as chaff before the wind."

"Everyone who falls on that stone will be shattered
And whoever it falls upon will be crushed." (Moffatt)

The Governor. — They wanted to make use of Pilate. If he arrested and executed Jesus as a rebel the people could not blame them for His death. It was a mean and wicked plot.

But see what St. Paul says about God's mercy to Israel. (Rom. 11:13-36)

The Parable of the Husbandmen and the "little parable" of the Stone deal with the tragedy of the Jewish nation. But they have a wider application both to nations and individuals.

History tells us of many nations,—of whole civilizations,—endowed by God with many privileges coming to ruin because they were unfaithful to their trust. Let us watch and pray for "salvation from our selfishness."

QUESTIONS

1. Tell the story of the vineyard in your own words.
2. Who was the "owner of the vineyard"?
3. Who were the husbandmen?
4. Who were the servants?
5. Who was the Son of the owner?
6. The stone which the builders rejected—. Complete the verse.
7. Can other nations and individuals take warning from these parables.

ALWAYS A SCOUT

(Continued from Page 5.)

Jack moved toward the door.

His companion sat for a moment blinking owlishly, then hastened after him.

"I like you, Canadian. But aren't you goin' to stay? The fun is just commencing. An' you may get caught in a raid."

"No thanks. I must be going."

* * *

THE sleet was still falling and the wind from the river was keener than ever as Jack came again into the night, but the fresh air was clean and welcome.

Jack took in a great breath as he strode across the square in the direction of the river.

"Whee-o-o-ou! Whee-o-o-ou!"

Jack had no difficulty in recognizing the air-raid siren.

It seemed hardly a minute afterwards when there came to his ears the "Shir-r-riek" of a bomb, a glare shot up a little to the east and a great roaring crash shook the whole district like an earthquake. It was followed by another and another. The roar of anti-aircraft guns mingled with the "Clang! Clang!" of fire apparatus.

A fire always seems nearer than it really is and Jack had threaded his way through perhaps a mile of narrow streets before he reached the scene of action. The din ever became more and more deafening till the whole arch of the sky seemed full of noise.

Searchlights shot backward and forward across the blackness.

Then another shuddering earthquake. "Shriek! Boom! Crash! Boom!" and another red glaring column two streets away. And now there came the grinding crash of falling masonry.

Now Jack could hear the roar of the flames. A dense mass of smoke eddied up a side street and enveloped everything in its folds.

Jack came out in full sight of the fire. A great block of buildings had been struck, part of it had collapsed, the rest was burning fiercely; the crackle of burning wood sounded like machine-gun fire through the cannonade of the more distant explosions.

A line of police kept the space open for the fire-fighters, but somehow Jack found himself inside the cordon.

A fire ladder had been raised against the building near where he stood. Three storeys up, a fireman was playing his hose on the flames. As Jack looked, a falling beam crashed with terrific force on the man's shoulder. He swayed and fell, but in his fall grasped the ladder and swung by one hand above the sidewalk.

Two firemen dashed for the ladder, but Jack was before them. Up he went and up, while the flames like hungry dragons licked out of the windows at him. At last he gripped the man, lifted him with all his strength, flung him with a workman-like fireman's lift across his shoulder, carried him down and handed him over to his comrades.

* * *

AS he descended, Jack saw by the corner a line of busses drawn up. A corps of women wearing steel helmets and waterproof coats were loading them up with women and children from the wrecked buildings. At one side in a shop a group were administering First Aid. Two stretchers, also carried by women, went backward and forward from this "First Aid Post" to a number of waiting ambulances.

A woman with a baby in her arms came out of the First Aid Shelter. Her unoccupied hand held that of a small boy whose head had just been bandaged. As they were being conducted toward the bus, the little fellow shrilled out to his mother,

"There's Akela!"

Jack looked in the direction the boy indicated. Through the dim, smoky glare he saw a young woman, steel helmeted and coated like the others. She was wielding a pick. Jack stepped forward and took it from her hands.

As she turned to thank him, Jack recognized his friend of the train. Her face was blackened by smoke and a deep gash marked her cheek.

"Hurry!" she said. "There are people in there!"

Jack swung the pick with all the might of his strong muscles. As he loosened the stones, "Akela" rolled them aside. Soon there was an opening evidently leading into a cellar.

And then up from the depths of the earth came children's voices,

"There'll always be an England,
And England shall be free,
If England means as much to you
As England means to me!"

* * *

"AKELA" and Jack stooped forward and lifted them out, one by one. A girl of perhaps twelve, a boy of nine, another of six and a woman. All showed signs of the ordeal they had gone through, but all were surprisingly cheerful and confident.

"Hallo, Akela," said the elder boy, standing at the "alert" and giving the Wolf Cub salute, "I knew you'd get us out."

Akela laughed.

"This gentleman helped me, Tom," she said; "He's a Cubmaster from Canada."

"Thank you, sir,—sorry I can't shake with my left hand.—Think there's something up with my arm."

The arm hung limply by his side. It was broken.

"Take care of Mom and the kids, Akela," he continued; "I don't feel well!"

* * *

JACK caught the boy as he fainted and carried him to the First Aid Post.

"Akela" took charge of the rest of the party and conducted them toward a bus.

It did not take long for the Red Cross section to put Tom's arm into shape. He was still a bit tottery on his legs, so Jack took him in his arms and carried him to the bus, beside which Akela was waiting.

She came toward them smiling. Jack put Tom in the bus, which was the last in the fleet.

It passed out of sight, with a litlte cheer from the children on board. "Akela" and Jack turned away together.

A whistle sounded.

"That's our captain," she said; "I guess our job is finished for the night."

"Might I see you again?" asked Jack.

"Certainly. I would like to hear more about Cubbing in Canada," she said with a smile. "My address is——"

There was a rending, tearing crash; a shower of bricks and plaster. The whole side of the building sagged outward. Jack had just time to fling his arm round his companion and dash for the other side of the street when the avalanche descended. He had a dim sense of being pounded by a thousand hammers. Stars shot before his eyes. Then a blank.

* * *

JACK MANLEY struggled back to consciousness. His head ached horribly; in fact, every bone in his body felt like one separate pain. He tried to lift his hand to his head. The very effort was agony.

Slowly he opened his eyes. Above was a light grey ceiling. Around were walls of the same cool restful color. Fresh air and sunlight streamed in from a tall, open window.

He turned his head. A small table was by his side and beyond was another bed containing another recumbent figure. He was in a hospital ward.

"So, Canadian, we're both here!" said the man in the other bed. "I got it last night too, though not so badly as you. Ah, frail man, we can't stand up to falling masonry." He gave an impressive sigh.

"You you know, young fellow," he resumed, raising himself on one elbow to look over at Jack, "I thought you were a 'softy' when you went off so suddenly last night. But you knew your Shakespeare, — and something made me follow you. And I found that

(Please turn to Page 11.)

The Chums Mail Bag

DEAR CHUMS,—

Since I wrote you last week one more successful entry to our contest has been received. We are happy to award a Blue Pin to Miss Eleanor Turner of Saskatchewan. It is interesting to note that the prize winners in this contest came from five different provinces from as far West as Alberta to as far East as Nova Scotia. That shows you how much of a nation-wide scope our Chums Mail Bag has. Let us keep it that way, and let's increase our outlook and make it world-wide. So that while we think first of how we can serve Canada, let us also think of how we can be good citizens of the whole world. The Nazi youth have been taught to believe that their country has a right to rule over the rest of the world. And they are out to do that by means of conquering and oppressing weaker nations. If we are going to stop the Nazis we too must have a world wide vision. But our vision is that God must rule over all. So our very first duty is to PRAY—that God's Kingdom will come and that we may be made fit to be part of it. Our next duty is to PAY—to back up our prayers by gifts of our money, our time and our strength.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

To Ethel Smith from Beatrice Jeffords.

Dear Ethel:—You will think I forgot you but I have been thinking about you all the time. It has been such a busy winter. I have not had time to write anything more than "thank you letters". Before Christmas we were practising for our concert. I was in two and the C.G.I.T. girls had a vesper service, too. So I was very busy. After Christmas I was going to write but the day before New Year's my cousin came and every night we had company or were away. On January third we weree out at my uncle and aunt's place at night. We played many games; I won a prize. Boy! Was I pleased.

We have had company every Sunday this year except to-day. So I thought I'd seize the chance to write.

We have new attendance cards for Sunday School and they are very pretty. I got my first to-day.

I did a little business on my own this winter: I sold twenty-four bottles of perfume and got a watch and a box of powder. It was quite fun.

My favorite sports are skating, baseball and all outdoor sports. Do you like reading? I don't much, but I read some. My favorite school subject is Arithmetic. What is yours? I wish I had a twin sister. At least I would like to have one. It must be fun.

Well I had better close now. Your new Pen Pal;—Beatrice Jeffords, Ont.

P.S. Have you a nick name? I have. It is "Jeff". Write soon.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums:—Hello again this is an old Chum signing on again. I meant to have wished you all a Happy New Year but it's pretty late now. I've just been through a batch of measles. Our school is closed and has been for two weeks on account of measles.

I sincerely hope that every chum is investing in War Savings Stamps. I am saving up to buy a certificate. I have a dollar fifty already and hope to get more soon.

Well chums I have written my essay on "How to Keep Fit to Serve Canada" and hope it is worthy enough to put on this wonderful page. Cherrio Pals. An old chum;—Eleanor Turner, Sask.

How To Keep Fit to Serve Canada

THERE are so many ways in which we can keep fit to serve Canada that I could not hope to put them all down but I wish just to put a few important things in my composition.

Being physically fit is one of the most important things. Plenty of sleep with windows open and good wholesome food and exercise are the main things in being physically fit. Also keeping away from alcoholic beverages and tobacco is important in the care of your health and helps you to be clear minded.

To be "mentally fit" means we should have our minds keyed up and alert to what is going on around us. Good books can always be found and they wil help you keep your mind keen and alert.

Last and most important is being spiritually fit, and to attain that, one must read and study the Bible and pray. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you."

Eleanor Eunice Turner.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums:—I have been interested in the Northern Messenger for a long time and would like to join your Mail Bag circle. I am 10 years old and have dark brown hair, blue eyes. I am in grade 6 at school. My teacher is very nice. I go to Erskine Sunday School.

I hope that the year 1941 has been good to you all so far. Also I hope I will able to have a pen-pal in the Mail Bag. I am a Girl Guide of the 20th Company Hamilton, Ont. We had a Memorial service for Lord Baden-Powell, but I was unable to go. As you know he was founder of the Boy Scouts and helped found the Girl Guides. Yours sincerely,—Betty Moore, Ont.

This Week's Star Correspondent

ELEANOR TURNER

Honorable Mention

BEATRICE JEFFORDS

BEHIND THE COUNTER

(Continued from Page 4.)

road, so nothing further might happen. Running shoulder to shoulder now. Try as he might, he could not get ahead. He seemed glued to the road. He did not seem to be moving. His ankle shot pain up to his hip, he could feel his shoe tightening and knew his ankle and foot were swelling.

Would he never get ahead? Yes,—he was gaining; half a foot, a little better, the ankle seemed numb now. No pain, but so clumsy. Tom was waiting for him, cheering him on. Tom had had been so faithful to the T.P.C. Tom had never failed him. He must keep on, no matter how he felt. Ahead now, pressing on and on. The tape showed up, a blurred streak of white now, but yet so far. Could he make it? Then he tumbled fainting into Tom's ready arms,—the race was over!

* * *

ROBERT won, with Burnett's Beach third. Who placed second? Why, Donald. Burnett's runner made a mistake. Cutting one stake near the last stretch, he was seen by someone who pulled him up and disqualified him, leaving Donald second.

Everybody knew in a little while what had ailed Robert, and that he had limped the last mile and fainted at the finish. Not a few had suspected the cause, and even the Burnett's Beach people felt resentment toward the poor sport who was responsible.

(To Be Continued.)

ALWAYS A SCOUT

(Continued from Page 9.)

I was mistaken about your 'softness'."

He paused and then went on,

"But say, young fellow, I've a message for you. A young lady was here to see you. She says you saved her life. She told me a lot about you and a lot about your Scouting. . . A SCOUT IS CLEAN. That's a fine thing; a fine thing, yes . . . we need that among our youth . . . a stainless life, a knightly life, . . ." he quoted sonorously.

"Say, young fellow did you ever read Ruskin?"

Jack confessed that his knowledge of Ruskin was of the sketchiest.

"Well, I've read him, studied him in college—and I'm sorry I haven't been more of a credit to his teaching, but God helping me, I'm going to get back to it. Here is something he said to young soldiers,—and you seem to have got it some way into your Scouts.

"'You have vowed your life to England; give it her wholly—a bright, stainless, perfect life—a knightly life. Because you have to fight with machines instead of lances, there may be a necessity for more ghastly danger, but there is none for less worthiness of character, than in olden time. . ."

The speaker paused, drew a deep breath and went on, silencing Jack's attempt at a suitable comment with a wave of his hand.

"'So the first thing you have to see to in becoming soldiers is that you make yourselves wholly true. Courage is a mere matter of course . . .; but neither truth nor gentleness is matter of course. You must bind them like shields about your necks; you must write them on the tables of your hearts. Though it be not exacted of you, yet exact it of yourselves, this vow of stainless truth. . .

"'And remember, before all things —for no other memory will be so protective to you—that the highest law of this knightly truth is that under which it is vowed to women.

"'You must not deceive, nor injure, nor leave unaided, according to your power, any woman of whatever rank. Believe me, every virtue of the higher phases of manly character begins in this—in truth and modesty before the face of all maidens; in truth and pity or truth and reverence, to all womanhood.

"And here's something from Tennyson. We studied him too. It is about King Arthur's knights, one of whose duties was, "To drive the heathen out," the heathen being the Germans of their day:

"To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her; for indeed I know
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness and the desire for fame
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.'

"But here's someone can tell you more about these things than I can. Good morning, Miss. He's awake, and I think he's better."

A light step came up to Jack's bedside. A pair of level grey eyes looked into his, and a soft Devonshire voice spoke to him.

"I'm afraid you got hurt rather badly last night,—a leg, an arm and some ribs broken, the doctor says.—And all through saving me! You'll be here for some time. I'll come in every day if I can."

And then with eyes and lips smiling, "I do want to hear all about Cubbing in Canada."

The First Great English Painter

By Julia Graydon

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED)

SIR Joshua Reynolds, who has been spoken of as the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country, was born at Plympton Earl, in Devonshire, England in the year 1723 His father was head-master of a school in the parish, and Joshua was the tenth of eleven children.

Early in life the wee lad showed a love for drawing. He began to draw on the white washed walls with burnt sticks, and once when in church he sketched the portrait of the minister, the Reverend Thomas Stuart, on his thumbnail and after the service was over he ran to a boat-house and painted the full portrait on a piece of sail.

His father did not like to see him spend so much time in drawing and he wrote under one of little Joshua's pictures, "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness." But a boy who could draw a good picture of the Plympton schoolhouse at the age of eight was not wasting his time. He wanted to study art in London but his father was averse to this and wanted him to take up the study of medecine. His sister, seeing how anxious he was to become a painter, lent him the money to pay for his lessons and after his father had given his consent he set off for London to study under Thomas Hudson. A little later he wrote to his father, "While I am doing this, I am the happiest creature alive." He was only seventeen then but his progress was so great that at twenty-three he was painting the portraits of celebrated people. When his father died in 1746 he left London and went home to experience his first great sorrow.

Later he had an invitation from his friend, Captain Keppel, to go to Italy with him. They sailed on the Mediteranean Sea and stopped at different ports and Joshua painted the officers. His full length portrait of Captain Keppel standing by the seashore attracted much attention, and a picture, showing a shipwreck off the coast of France which Keppel had described to him, was the means of bringing Reynolds fame.

The artist was greatly honoured by being asked to become a member of the Florentine Acadamy and he painted his own portrait for the Uffizi Gallery. While in the Vatican he took cold and became deaf so that he had to use an ear trumpet all his life. He loved Michael Angelo's pictures and said they influenced his whole life.

* * *

IN 1768 the Royal Academy was founded and Reynolds was made presi. dent aand later he was knighted by King George III. When his painting, "Lady Cockburn and Her Children," was uncovered at the exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1773, the painters present saluted it by clapping.

"The Strawberry Girl," another popular picture painted the same year, shows his niece, Theophila Palmer, with a besket of strawberries on her arm. She is peeping forward with big eyes, as though startled by some sound. On her head is a turban-shaped cap and her apron is gathered up in such a fashion as to make us feel she is carrying something in it.

Sir Joshua was a wonderful portrayer of children. "Little Miss Bowles," a child sitting on the edge of a wood hugging her dog, is another familiar picture, as are also "Penelope Boothby, the child of four years, with quaint cap on her head and mitts on her hands; "Master Crewe as Henry VIII," and "Angel Heads," five poses of the head of a little friend of Reynolds named Frances Gordon. Once when the young son of the Reverend Zachariah Mudge was prevented by illness

(Please turn to Page 12.)

GREAT ENGLISH PAINTER

(Continued from Page 11.)

from going to see his father on his birthday, Sir Joshua said to him, "Never mind, I will send you to your father." And he sent a speaking likeness of the boy to the delighted father.

* * *

A good friend of the painter living in London was Dr. Samuel Johnson, the writer of "Rasselas" and other works. He was a very eccentric character, but had many frends. He and Reynolds, Goldsmith, the poet, and Edmund Burke, the orator, all belonged to a literary club, for Reynolds was a writer of discourses at this time. Goldsmith dedicated his poem "The Deserted Village" to him. The day before Dr. Johnson died he made Sir Joshua promise him three things: first, to forgive him thirty pounds he had borrowed; second, not to paint on Sunday; and, third, to read the Bible daily.

Sometimes the artist painted too quickly. Once a gentleman who was having his portrait painted desired to have his hat on his head in the picture. The picture was finished and when sent home it was found that the gentleman had a hat on his head another under his arm.

* * *

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS painted in all about three thousand portraits, so we know he had to work hard most of the time. In the year 1783 he was made Court Painter and several years after, he painted "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," and inscribed his name in the hem of her garment "to go down to posterity." Mrs. Siddons was a wonderful impersonator of Shakespeare and her name is "one of the most distinguished in the hisory of English dramatic art." This picture was put up at auction a few months ago in London and knocked down for fifty-two thousand pounds. Its owner, the Duke of Westminster, bought it in, it is reported, because it did not bring the reserve price, sixty thousand pounds.

Sir Joshua also painted the portraits of the Duchess of Hamilton and the Countess of Coventry, both noted beauties. We are told that seven hundred people sat up all night outside a Yorkshire inn to see the former.

"Lord Heathfield," a celebrated painting, shows us the hero of the siege of Gibralter. He stands on the rock with the chain of the key of the fortress passed twice round his hand, as if to make it perfectly secure, and he seems to say, "I have you and will keep you." The picture is in the National Gallery.

In his earlier days, Sir Joshua was a little fond of show and he had a fine chariot which he had decorated himself. He used to ask his sister to ride about London in it. She was very modest and objected, but he insisted, for he knew people would ask, "Whose chariot is that?" and the interest aroused would be a help to him. He used paintbrushes with handles eighteen inches long and his favorite colors were misty yellows and tawny browns.

Reynolds never married. Toward the close of his life he became blind, but even his blindness could not stop his constant flow of spirits, and he was always surrounded with friends. When he died, in 1792, his body lay in state in the Royal Academy. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, near the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren architect of the building.

Mrs. Jamison says of his pictures, "They are to the eye what delicious melodies are to the ear,—Italian music set to English words."

When Reynolds made his last speech at the Academy, Burke stepped forward at the close and said in Milton's words:

"The angel ended and in Adam's ear
"So charming left his voice that he awhile
"Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear."

B.B.C. PARENTS

Light touching hands, and heart-marauding smiles
Have followed children all these lonely miles,
And hidden voices whisper in their ear—
"Be brave for England and for Honor, dear.

We sent you forth—a child crusading band—
So small, so loved, into a foreign land.
Oh, hold the light of Courtesy and Truth
Of England's greatness—in a modest youth.

Remember life, not words, is what we ask,—
An eager bending to each tiresome task.
Be quick to love, and eager to repay
The kindness of the land wherein you stay;

Thankful, as we, that God's abounding grace
Has found for you so fair a resting-place.
Work for that land but—after you have striven—
Come home, my little one, and make earth—Heaven!"

—*W. M. Crossley in the Montreal Star.*

A million hours of flying is equal to 165.000,000 engine miles, or 3,300 trips around the world.

Northern Messenger

A 16-Page Weekly Sunday Magazine

A Christian Service for the Whole Family of the Sunday School Scholar

Founded by John Dougall, 1864

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Keep your WITS WORKING

RIDDLES OLD AND NEW

1. What has three feet, no arms, legs or head?
2. Why is a speech delivered on a ship sure to be ornamental?
3. What object can you never reach with your right hand?
4. What kind of tree do you usually find by the seaside?
5. Take 1 from 9 and leave 10.
6. There is only one tree in my garden and yet there are two. What sort of tree is it?

BEHEADINGS

1. Behead an animal and get part of an animal.
2. Behead a timepiece and get a fastening.
3. Behead an inscription and get an ancient ship.
4. Behead a sport and get a girl's name.
5. Behead a port and get a shelter.
6. Behead a splinter and get part of the body.

CROWNINGS

1. Crown a serpent and get more angry.
2. Crown a hard substance and get a dress.
3. Crown a girl and get wonderful food.
4. Crown a hut and get a useful article.
5. Crown part of the foot and get part of a cart.
6. Crown part of building and get a month.

RINGS

1. The ring that blossoms. 2. The ring that swims. 3. The lofty ring. 4. The ring that's not always good metal. 5. The generous ring. 6. The chilly ring.

Another railway yarn. A small man a bad stammerer and painfully conscious of his disability, leaned forward and tapped the big man opposite on the knee.

"Your b-b-b-—" he began, shaking his head and tapping his foot on the floor in an effort to speak.

The big man smiled patronizingly.

"Now, take it slowly," he said.

The small man gulped.

"Yes b-b-but your b-b—"

Again the big man interrupted him.

"No hurry old chap," he said, winking at the other passengers. "Never mind the other people in the carriage. Take a deep breath and—"

Crash! His words ended in a howl of pain as his bag overbalanced off the rack and struck him squarely on the head.

Cross Word Puzzle—

Across	*Down*
1. Dalmanutha	1. Diotrephes
10. Idols	2. Adria
11. Peace	3. Lo
13. Or	4. M.L.A.
14. Apron	5. Asps
16. CX	6. Upon
17. Tin	7. Ten
19. Sen	8. Ha
20. She	9. Accho
21. Rail	12. Exerciseth
23. Beor	15. Refined
24. Saviour	18. Nisan
25. Play	20. Sered
27. Demi	22. Lay
29. Hun	23. Bud
30. Den	26. Ludim
32. Das	28. Massa
33. Ed	30. Dash
34. Nadab	31. Nabs
36. S. E.	34. Nat
37. Silas	35. Bee
39. Beast	38. Le.
41. Methuselah	40. Al

Bravery never goes out of fashion.—Thackeray.

Hidden Wealth

"A man may own a tract of land for many years without knowing its value, says Neil Jerome Murphy in the "Canadian Banker". "He may think of it as merely a pasture. But one day he discovers evidences of coal and finds a rich vein beneath his land. While mining and prospecting for coal he discovers deposits of granite. In boring for water he strikes oil. Later he discovers a vein of copper ore, and after that silver and gold. These were there all the time—even when he thought of his land merely as a pasture. But they have a value only when they are discovered and utilized.

"So it is with the human personality. Beneath the surface of every man there must be, in the nature of things, a latent capacity greater than has yet been discovered. And one discovery must lead to another until the man finds the deep wealth of his own possibilities..

* * *

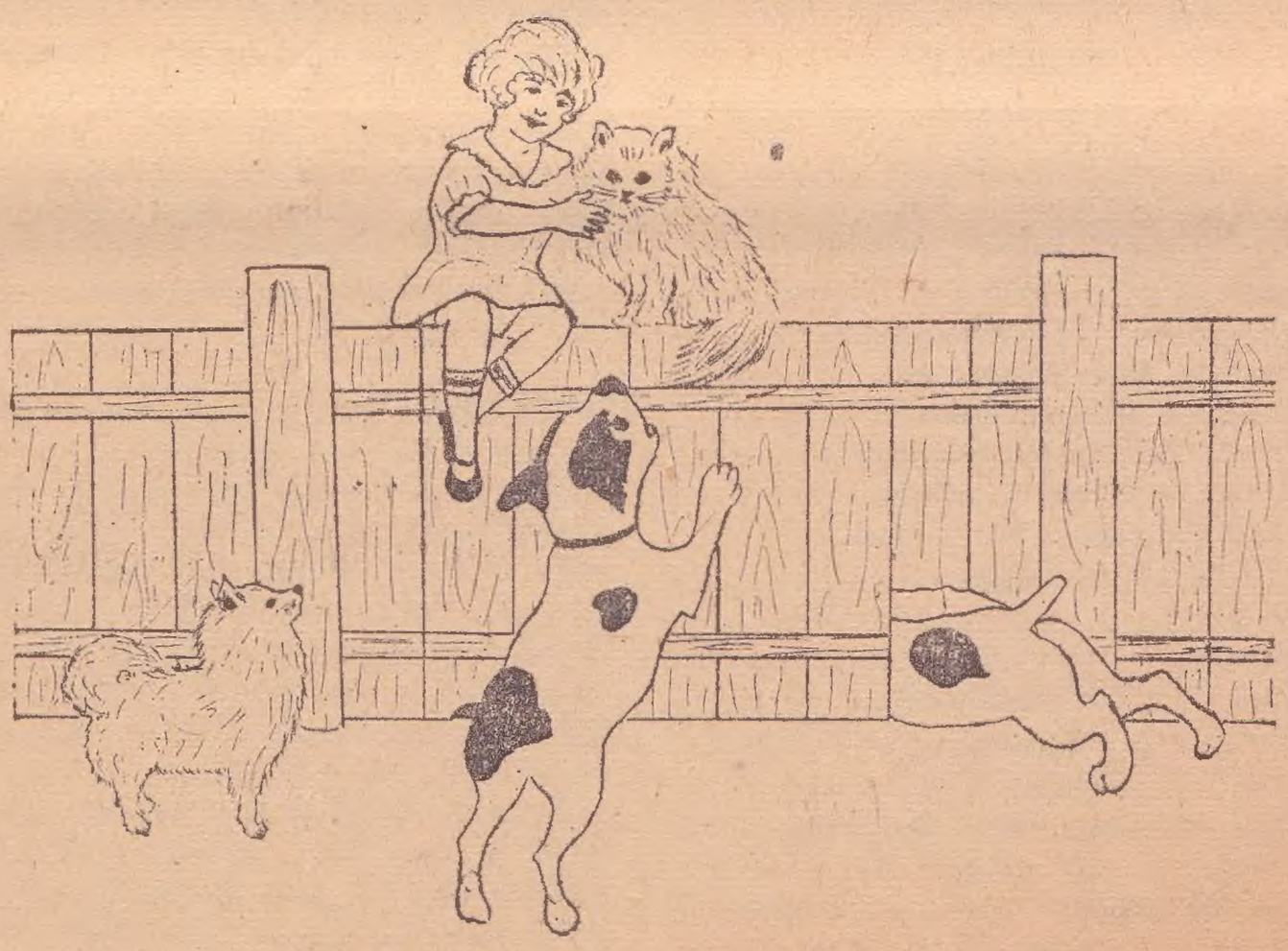
"It is a great day in a man's life when he truly begins to descover himself. The latent capacities of every man are greater than he realizes, and he may find them if he diligently seeks for them."

CHEERFUL

The pessimist was suffering from rheumatism.

"Every bone in my body aches," he complained.

"You ought to be glad you are not a herring," said the optimist.



A PICTURE TO COLOR

Do you think pussy is frightened? Her eyes are very big. The little girl knows the dogs cannot reach them on top of the fence so she is smiling. What color do you think the fence is painted? The furry dog at the left has a reddish brown coat Paints or crayons can be used to color this picture.

While the Kettle Sings . . .
Try Some of These

BREAKFAST AND DINNER MENUS

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Chilled Honeydew Melon
French Toast
Red Currant Preserves
Bacon
Milk

Dinner

Southern Fried Chicken
Green Beans in Cream
Corn on Cob
Cucumber Salad
Fresh Plum Tarts Coffee

MONDAY

Breakfast

Sliced Peaches
On Ready-to-Serve Cereal
Wholewheat Toast
Coffee

Dinner

Lamb Stew with Vegetables
Hot Biscuits
Watercress and Orange Salad
Pineapple Tapioca Tea

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Stewed Apples
Scrambled Eggs
Toasted English Muffins
Tea

Dinner

Pan Fried Liver
Minted Carrots
Escalloped Potatoes
Sliced Tomatoes
Refrigerator Ice Cream
Coffee

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Fruit Bowl
Hot Cereal with Top Milk or Cream
Coffee Cake Coffee

Dinner

Clam Chowder
Lamb Chops
Mashed Potatoes
Buttered Peas
Apple Pie Tea

THERE IS A SAFE WAY OUT

LAURA GRAY

CHIEF NICKSON hung up the receiver in the police station, and as he reached for his cap he addressed his tall companion. "Get your coat, Bill; Central says there's a kid yelling its head off in a house on Yates Street."

The city streets were cold and deserted—it was four in the morning. They had to break into the little gray bungalow; no one was there except a very little child.

"Don't cry, Sonny, we've come to take care of you," said Nickson. "Everything is going to be all right." The Chief lifted the curly-haired toddler from the hall floor. Being a family man himself, he understood something about children. "What's your name?" He sat down with the child.

"Tod," with an effort to stop crying.

"How old are you, Tod?"

This question struck a happy note. The little one sat up. "Four—I had a cake!"

"Why, that was fine!" smiled the officer. "Now,tell me where Mother is."

The blue eyes brimmed once more, "Gone! Daddy not on the phone!" the baby pointed to the swinging receiver, and began crying again.

"Come along with us, we'll take care of you until Mother comes home. Bill, you leave a note for the parents." Nickson wrapped a blanket around the little one and started back to the police station.

Two hours later the young parents—scarcely more than a boy and girl—called for the child.

They'd been to a dance. Usually the baby slept all night. Something must have alarmed him. Yes, he often talked to his daddy over the phone. The little fellow must have been frightened when he heard Central's voice instead of his father's.

* * *

THE above story appeared in one of our daily newspapers.

For most young parents, the never-a-night-off care of the children is a very real problem. To be obliged to stay at home night after night continuously, is deadening; to pay someone to sit in the house—in addition to the price of the entertainment—is too expensive, or so it seems.

Perhaps that is the wrong way of looking at the matter. We don't grudge paying the telephone bill, the light bill, or any of the other charges that are part of living. Suppose we lay aside fifty cents a week—almost any high school girl will stay in the house one evening for that—and count it part of the expense of bringing up children, not add it to the cost of the outing. Then it would be no harder to pay than the telephone bill.

But if this is utterly impossible, then surely some neighbor will be glad to bring her knitting and stay in your house while you are out, in return for the same service from one of you. But whatever happens, parents must go out together occasionally, and little children must not be left alone.

Now that my own children are almost grown up, I look back wistfully. How often their father and I gave up the pleasure of an evening out together! I wish we hadn't now. Surely the money might have been found, if we'd thought it necessary.

Going out is good for us. It's good, too, for the growing family, for parents in touch with the outer world are in a better position to guide their children. No workman can do his best work when he is on the job twenty-four hours a day—day in and day out. No one but a mother would try!

Taking Baby along to the party, even though it be a friend's house, is not satisfactory. He sleeps poorly in a strange bed, and it is not good for him to be wakened and taken home in the nighttime. It is much better to get someone to stay with him. But, in any case—DON'T LEAVE A LITTLE CHILD ALONE IN THE HOUSE.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

LONDON WOMAN, ON WAY TO POORHOUSE, DISCOVERS SHE HAS FORTUNE

A LONDON woman had been very poor for 26 years, earning her living as best she could, sometimes selling flowers in the streets and sometimes working as an office cleaner. Her father had been a wood turner, and lived in a frugal way, dying at the age of 90.

When his daughter became too old to work, representatives of her church helped her for a time, but in 1938 it was suggested that she go to the poorhouse.

The curate asked her if she had any relatives or papers. She said her father left an ol tin box, but it was locked and there was no key, so it had never been opened. The box was broken open and deposit notes and government stocks worth £20,000 or $89,000 were found.

This "most romantic story," as Mr. Justice Morton called it, was told in the London Chancery Division at the hearing of a court case involving members of the family.

Every time a man smiles, and much more when he laughs, it adds something to his fragment of life.—Sterne.

Northern Messenger

"WE MUST ENDURE HARDNESS"

MR. MACKENZIE KING in his speech to Parliament on February 17th showed his confidence in the courage and determination of the Canadian people by telling them of the seriousness of the war situation.

"That the forces of freedom will triumph in the end, I have no doubt whatever. But equally I believe, as I have already so frequently said, that the road is going to be much harder, much longer, and much more terrible, than most people imagine. We should govern our thoughts and actions accordingly.

"The enemy must be held back until his strength can be matched. That day will not come soon. Long grim months lie ahead in which we must expect setbacks and discouragements. In the present circumstances, it is more than ever necessary to steel our hearts and minds to the magnitude of the effort, and of the sacrifice, that will be demanded of us over a considerable period of time, and, in a special measure, throughout the next few months."

Mr. Ilsley the following day told Parliament and people that more than half the national income or a total of $2,700,000,000 will be taken by the Federal, provincial and municipal governments from the people of Canada for war and non-war-purposes in the fiscal year just opening.

This means that we shall be taxed on a scale much heavier than Canada has ever known before. And as everyone pays taxes directly or indirectly, this means that we shall have less money to spend on ourselves.

We must "endure hardness" in the struggle. Britain is already doing this.

Isn't anything better than to let Hitler win?

He would tax us much more heavily and would take our liberty and our religion from us.

So let us pay our taxes proudly and let us be willing to do without things. It is a big cause for which we are fighting. It is worth giving our lives and everything we have for. With courage, faith and devotion we shall win the victory for ourselves and for the world.

SUCH FAITH

IT was a dark day when the report came that Bulgaria had agreed to let Hitler's army pass on to Greece and, worse still, that Turkey had agreed not to challenge Bulgaria on that score, an agreement which seemed to counter Turkey's oft-repeated pledge to Great Britain to fight if the Nazi forces attacked any of the neighboring Balkan states. So ran the report.

And after that dark day the Jewish news-vendor on our corner (one of the two or three busiest corners in the metropolis), on getting home was met by his wife with the question,

"What news today?"

"Bad news it is," replied her husband. "Bad news, for following Roumania and Bulgaria, even Turkey seems to have agreed to let the Nazis attack Greece, and Britain will have to fight it out alone."

"No; no. Say not alone," said his wife. "*God* is with Britain, and God will win."

There is faith, living faith; faith that can take terrible persecution and endure.

His race and our race are suffering terribly under the demoniacal and treacherous onslaughts of Hitler and his Nazi cohorts. Let the sturdy, convinced faith of the wife of the Jewish news-vendor strengthen his and ours and yours.

"God is with Britain, and God will win."

IS IT UP TO MR. KING TODAY?

Dear *Messenger*,—

Wish you could help Premier King cut out the awful liquor waste.

A. I. Y., Ont.

* * *

SO DO WE. The money spent on alcoholic beverages is "an awful waste." Besides the tremendous loss of dollars, it involves the destruction of a vast amount of vegetable and fruit products which otherwise would be good food. And it uses up human energies and valuable time which could be used to achieve great things, or which would supply the munitions of war to destroy Hitlerism.

But greater waste than all those combined is the degradation of body, mind and soul for which alcoholic beverages are directly and indirectly responsible.

The old custom of giving grog to the fighter may have given him a brief spell of make-believe courage but it dangerously reduced the spiritual morale, and resulted in the demoralization of men.

Today the training, transportation and equipment costs many thousands of dollars per man. And alcohol would be the undoing of high officers whose sluggishness or recklessness while under the influence of alcohol would be the cause of incalculable tragedy. Thank God that the Army, Navy and Air forces are so temperate today, for men realize that they must be at their best, body and mind, to be effective fighters.

There are innumerable testimonies by British military and naval leaders to the superior stamina and efficiency of totally-abstaining soldiers, sailors and airmen. The men themselves know this, as is proved by the marked increase of total abstinence in the last 30 years among both officers and men of the Imperial services.

Whose Responsibility Is It?

OF course there are some who "can drink and let it alone" and who do not appear to be the worse. But there are so many who are utterly ruined by drink and who drag others down with them that it would be entirely well for "Premier King to cut out the awful liquor waste."

But Mr. King is not Mr. Hitler. Mr. King is the constitutional *representative* of the people by their great majority choice.

And so far as we know the great majority of the people cannot truly be said to want to be teetotallers or to be prohibitionists, or at least have no very pronounced views on the subject. Incidentally there was far more downright temperance conviction in Canada when the Witness and Canadian Homestead was here to inculcate temperance and mobilize the temperance forces than there is today. But there were plenty of enemies for such a paper and too few who would do a hand's turn to extend its sphere of influence. So, bravely fighting to the last, it fell between the two stools—antipathy and apathy.

Can people ask Mr. King to do more in the way of sacrifice than they them-

selves would do? Remember he is *your* representative.

AS TO THE COST

PIONEERING for temperance *in fields not prepared for it* is a costly business whether for prime minister or publisher.

It may be hard to believe, but by far the costliest campaign the *Northern Messenger* ever carried on, and nearly costing its life, was that of originating, back in the years 1928-29 the annual course of temperance education through the Sunday Schools. The cost was multiplied because of certain powerful opposition of that day which not only would not co-operate but actually and aggressively opposed the temperance study campaign. The cost of that struggle to your publishers was figured by the accountant at $18,000.

Even at that cost the campaign could not have been as successful as it was had your editor not first interested the Women's Christian Temperance Union, then under the distinguished presidency of the late Mrs. Gordon Rowell Wright, sister of the Rt. Hon. Newton W. Rowell, in the plan. And the plan was carried out from this office under the auspices, and actually in the name of the W.C.T.U., and with its enthusiastic and zealous co-operation.

The W.C.T.U. later commissioned Mrs. J. L. George and Miss Edith Giles, two of their most effective members, to devote their whole time to carrying on the heavy task of managing the campaign and examining the best papers from each section, and awarding prizes and scores of thousands of certificates testifying that the holder had passed the examinations. Apart from what the *Messenger* spent the W.C.T.U. raised thousands of dollars to meet their part of the expenses. And for the last few years Miss Giles of Clone House, Athens, Ont., has carried on the W.C.T.U. part of the campaign.

Later an annual series of articles was issued for the purpose by the Religious Education Council of Canada. And this series, running yearly in the *Messenger*, has become an annual feature of great interest and influence.

The *Daily Witness* partly starved itself to death rather than take liquor money, upon the tide of which its competitors floated so proudly. And its courageous fight for temperance alienated much proper advertising support because those who had the direction of advertising, even of such things as cocoa, disliked its temperance activities. That turned probably as much as a hundred thousand dollars a year from it to its competitors. The *Weekly Witness* in its measure was impoverished in the same way.

AS for Prohibition, the need is great and obvious but the people are not sufficiently *educated* or in earnest about it to demand and make it possible. If they are, the vast majority give little evidence of their readiness to make any sacrifice to bring it about, even to save their young people.

A democratic nation is made up of millions of voters, not of one dictator and herds of scared goats.

If a really workable majority sufficiently wanted prohibition, the liquor traffic would find it as hard to get its licence as would a great piggery to get a permit to establish itself in the grounds of the Parliament buildings.

With our whole hearts we would like to see an end of the traffic in alcoholic beverages which to so large an extent, like great Babylon in the Apocalypse, traffics in "the bodies and souls of men." But it is not primarily up to a prime minister to educate the people in religion or morals or to want prohibition. That's up to the Church and Sunday School and some of them are doing a better job than the others.

We are not relieving Mr. King of any personal responsibility he may have in this important matter. If he threw the weight of his undoubtedly great influence on the side of total abstinence and radical restriction of the liquor traffic as far as possible, it would mean a great deal for Canada's war effort.

Sir Edward Beatty's Challenge to Scouts

SIR EDWARD BEATTY, President of the Canadian General Council of the Boy Scouts Association has issued the following challenge:

"I should like to explain, especially to the Scouts and Cubs themselves, that these savings certificates and stamps are being sold to obtain money to pay our sailors, soldiers and airmen, and to provide the arms and equipment which they need in order to fight against the enemy which is trying to destroy exactly that sort of world which Scouts and Cubs want to build.

"This war is not being fought to save the world for the older men and women. It is being fought to make it possible for the boys and girls of the present to live clean, decent lives, in an atmosphere of peace and goodwill. If the enemy were to win, the Scouts and Cubs of today would be the slaves, in the future, of Blackshirt ruffians and Gestapo spies. The children of Germany are taught hatred and violence from childhood. They are encouraged to spy upon their own parents and friends. They learn to look on the criminal Hitler as their ideal. It is to prevent this fate overtaking the boys and girls of Canada that we fight this war.

"We shall win it. To win it, however, we need all the materials and labor which we can find. We need to reduce our own daily use of luxuries. We need to lend the Government money with which to purchase material, and pay fighters and workers.

"This is, in proportion to its population, the wealthiest nation in the world. We have a standard of living which is as high as any in the world. Not much sacrifice is, as yet being asked of the Canadian people. We can easily afford to reduce our personal expenditures without any suffering.

"The War Savings Certificates and War Saving Stamp campaign is our opportunity to serve our King and country in a most effective way. At this moment, the service of our King and country is the service of God and humanity."

SIR EDWARD BEATTY,
G.B.E., K.C., LL.D.
President of the Canadian General Council of the Boy Scouts Association.